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The Sketch

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The Sketch

No. 2508 – Vol. CXCIII. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1941. ONE SHILLING.

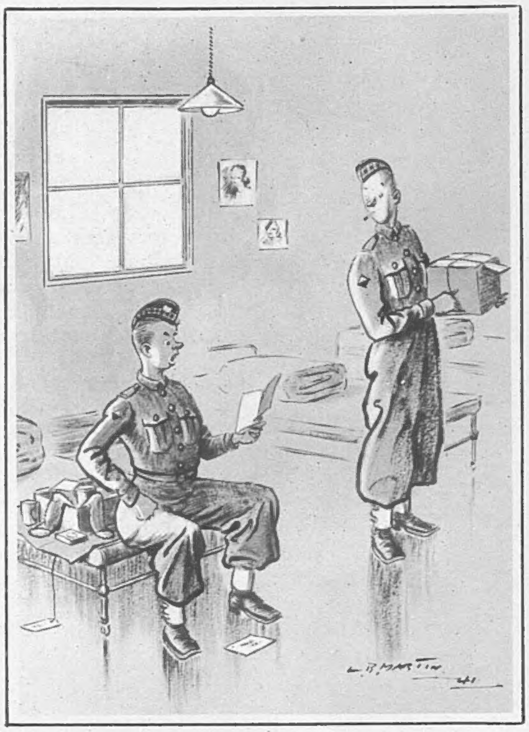
THE RETURN OF THE YASHMAK!

War conditions are sending British women to Purdah, so to speak, for they are bringing the yashmak into prominence for daily wear. The Ministry of Health plans the free distribution of anti-infection face-masks for air-raid shelters. The official type are built on practical rather than beautiful lines, but a glamorised version has been launched by a London girl, Miss Lily Sloan. Her special fascinator-mask is made of chiffon, part of which has been chemically treated so as to become an anti-infection shield.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

None of Your Lip! On the whole, I congratulate myself that I am a man. At least, I hope I am; anyhow, *if* I am, I congratulate myself. Conceit? Not at all—humility. I have no doubt that I should be a far better man if I were a woman, but my life would be much more complicated. I will not go so far as to say, and I should hate anybody else to say, that my personal appearance is of no importance whatever; I do pay such amount of attention to it as the usages of civilisation demand, and my face, though by no means my fortune, is a bit of a nuisance and requires a certain amount of upkeep—for example, I have to shave it every morning. After some complicated arithmetic, I have just calculated that I have spent about four months out of my whole life in this wholly unprofitable exercise. On the other hand, take a little matter like the lips. I know that my lips are not primrose or buttercup; but I couldn't really tell you whether they are puce, geranium, coral, or carnation. I've never noticed, and, curiously enough, I don't believe anybody else has ever noticed. I accept my lips as nature delivered them to me. Take them or leave them has been my policy throughout life. How many have taken them and how many have, in their blindness, left them is none of your business. I am not making any love-life revelations at the moment.



"My aunt says I may find the socks a little coarse in parts as she used to keep her wool in the string drawer."

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

Frailty, Thy Name—! Mine is, I think, a typical masculine attitude; but it is otherwise with the entire feminine sex. No woman is satisfied with the lips which God gave her. Other people may be, but she isn't. It is essential to her peace of mind that she change the colour. It used not to be so. 'Way back in the Middle Ages, when I was a boy, no woman painted her lips except one who was definitely "abandoned"—a term which I have never quite understood, because, if one can judge by the extent of her acquaintanceship, an abandoned woman seldom seems to be abandoned. This was a convenient arrangement, because it made it easy to distinguish between saints and sinners. But now, of course, lip-service begins practically in the cradle, and a female baby is soothed not with a "comforter," but with cosmetics. The result is confusion: all women are now Abandoned—or else they are all Good and Pure. Which? Search me—I'm only a man!

The Lady Varnishes. I always knew that this question would cause trouble sooner or later. It is now striking at the roots of military discipline. It has arisen in the acute form of "Stick, lip, women, in the Services, for the use of." The Secretaries for War and Air and the First Lord of the Admiralty are asked by Members of Parliament, with brutal directness, their policy in this matter. The Red Cross has already had to face the question, and has hedged by laying it down that lipstick and nail-varnish "must not be conspicuous." If they are not conspicuous what, may one ask, is the use of them? Why not, if the lips and nails are to be inconspicuous, leave them alone? Will the Mandarins of the War Office, the Air Force and the Admiralty adopt that brutally logical attitude? They dare not. They dare not risk mutiny, and also they would not dare to face their own families. They might just as well attempt to banish permanent waves from the Armed Forces of the Crown. Already one Assistant Commandant has resigned because a martinet ordered her to wear her lips "natural" when in uniform. The Cabinet has got to realise that lips, as designed and tinted by nature, are no longer natural. Why, no Admiral, General, Cabinet Minister, or, indeed, man will ever understand, but the wise have long since accepted the fact that "nature to advantage drest" is itself part of the order of nature.

Crême de la Crême. Mind you, these matters of personal adornment are not confined to the Amazonian branches of the Services. As one A.T.S. officer tartly remarked: "After all, men officers curl their moustaches." I am sorry to hear it, and I venture to doubt it; the military moustache of regulation pattern is not easily curlable; but it is undoubtedly true that many Sergeant-Majors—great, big, he-men whom you would suppose to be above such taradiddles—wax their moustaches, and take a great deal of trouble in doing so. It cannot honestly be said that a spiked moustache is less artificial, in a masculine sense, than a pair of sunset lips is, in a feminine sense. The thing goes even farther. Nobody, I imagine, would call the R.A.F. a "sissy" branch of the Service. And yet I read that "members of the R.A.F. are the largest users of hair cream among the fighting forces." A Y.M.C.A. worker reports that he sells about 1800 bottles a fortnight of hair cream to the R.A.F. personnel in his district. It sounds a lot to me—so much, in fact, that I almost suspect the stuff must be used as a beverage; anyhow, I am sure it is a great deal more than the A.T.S. personnel use in a fortnight or in a year. (They *never* use hair cream: they merely sit for a couple of hours a week in a torture-chair with tin sausages all over their heads.) You can't have smartness without *amour propre*; and if it's neat heads for the boys, then why not neat lips for the girls?

It Goes by Favour. There is one advantage, however, in hair unguents as opposed to lip pigments—they do not leave their mark behind after scenes of emotion, whereas it has always been a problem how to make lipstick "passion-proof." I do not know how they manage this on the films. Exchanges of affection use up a lot of celluloid. I was reading the other day in my dentist's waiting-room—a place where one can pick up a remarkable amount of information about human nature—that seven sorts of kisses are recognised at Hollywood, and are classified in feet and inches of film. Do you realise that a "tea-time peck" between two women friends takes eight inches of celluloid? "Good-bye at the station" runs to six inches only. "Child's bedtime kiss" to eight inches; and it is gratifying to learn that a well-domesticated husband's most perfunctory salute ("Good-bye-darling-I'm-late-for-the-office") takes as much (one foot) as a "Cheek-to-cheek" stolen during a dance. But when you come

"No more worry 'bout the tea ration, my dear—I've discovered a wunnerful shubstitute!"

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

to "Honeymoon," "June-Moon" or "Till-death-us-do-part," the filmage may run to anything from two to four feet. Any woman who can command a four-foot kiss is sure of her man—and a marked man he must be, apt at times to cry: "Take, oh take those lips away!"

On and Off. Mr. Willkie has been elected *nem. con.* by the British public as the next President of the United States. This is a very astute move on his part, because, as everybody knows, by the time the next Presidential election comes round, the United Kingdom and the United States will be united into United Anglerica, and Mr. Willkie is assured of a solid block vote from a large portion of his constituency. I see that he has been doing the Lambeth Walk on a bicycle—a feat which few of us could perform and which will doubtless appear on our more advanced dance floors as the Willkie Wobble. How about Bumps-a-Daisy on horseback? A little suggestive, perhaps, of irregular practices on the race-course, or imperfect etiquette in the hunting-field. Mr. Willkie has had to learn, as many of us have had to learn, of what stern stuff English womanhood is made. When he hesitated on the platform of a bus, the conductress, no respecter of persons, was firm with him: "Now then, Sir, either get on or get off!" But the remark was really unnecessary. During his brief and cyclonic stay here, he both got on and got off, in a measure which is vouchsafed to few visitors to our undemonstrative shores.

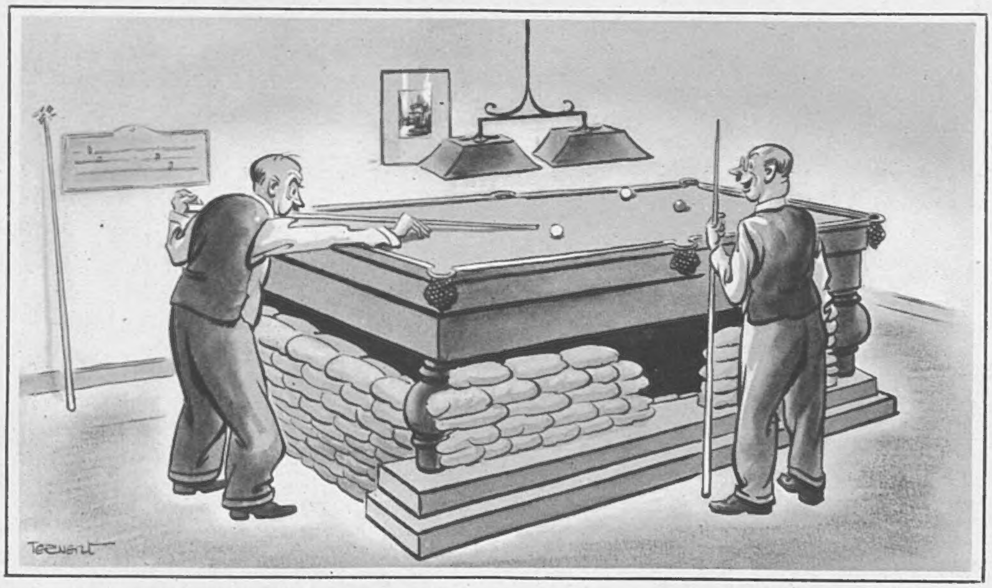
Still They Come. Nine months ago there were 12,000 persons employed in the Ministry of Food, at a cost of two million pounds annually. In less than a year the number of this vast army of national caterers has nearly trebled itself. Over 30,000 persons are now engaged in nourishing their fellow-citizens. One hundred and nineteen of them are in receipt of salaries ranging from £3000 to £1000. Well, they may all be necessary, for aught I know—obviously their job is big and complex; but it takes a considerable act of faith to believe that they all earn their keep. Bureaucracy always has a tendency to obesity, which easily turns to fatty degeneration; and the worst of it is that once that disease has developed in time of war (as it always does), it is exceedingly difficult to get rid of it in time of peace. One thing is certain—that the combined wisdom of this swollen horde of officials has not achieved half as much as the ordinary man believes ought to be achieved for the protection of stocks of food from fire and explosion. This is a subject on which it is not expedient to dwell too fully, but it is one of the regrettable signs of the absence of any really effective Opposition that this vital matter has not been thrashed out thoroughly in Parliament.

The Carrot Cult. Meanwhile, if bombs and torpedoes are interfering with your household supplies, and you are finding housewifery a little difficult, you can, according to the experts, always fall back on carrots. I am getting tired of hearing about this vegetable and the dazzling complexion which it imparts. I have never been greatly attached to it since I was made to eat it raw in infancy—for the carrot-cult is by no means new, and long before vitamins were heard of, doctors were recommending raw carrot as the High Road to Health. I would rather leave carrots to quadrupeds which appreciate them more than I do; but who am I to set myself up against the experts? And here is a hard-working young woman who testifies in the Press that, ever loyal to Lord Woolton, she has lived for a week on nothing but carrots, potatoes and oatmeal—not even a cup of tea, not so much as a whiff of a gasper! What is the result? Adipose deposit? Quite the contrary! I will give her own figure—I mean figures. "Bust, 36; waist, 28; hips, 37; thigh, 20½; calf, 14; ankle, 8½." (Lest there be any misunderstanding, the measurements are in inches.) I speak as a fool, but I understand that this chassis is more or less on the Venus de Milo specification. Well, there you are—I just put it before you, girls; never say that Lord Woolton doesn't know what he is talking about! But, I repeat—rather you than me.

Speaks for itself!

DRAWN BY TERNENT.

Scrap the Lot! Not long ago we were told that Germany had destroyed vast numbers of dogs; the wishful thinkers said that this was because Germany was practically starving, and the facetious cracked a lot of hoary ones about dachshunds and sausages. We are now told that the Nazis have done away with 100,000 insane persons as being a burden on the community. It may be so; but, for my own part, I do not believe it, and I wish that propaganda did not do this sort of thing. It has plenty of material from sober fact, and I would rather leave the flights of fancy to the Herr Doktor and Lord Haw-Haw, for these extravagances always defeat themselves in the end. Many of us still remember the "Corpse-conversion Factory," which was too much even for the most credulous member of the public. However, I may be wrong, for it is difficult to say what limits there are to the Nazi conception of social utility. As far as that goes, it is difficult to controvert the icy logic which demands the "elimination" of the incurably sick and insane, and even of the incurably criminal. But the extreme of logic is never quite logical, and even if it is only sentiment which restrains us from exterminating "burdens on society," it seems to me a kind of sentiment which is worth preserving, since life by sheer reason and without sentiment would not be life, but living death.



"I believe in playing safe!"

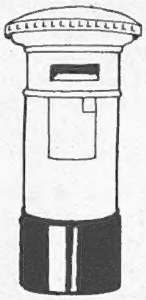
DRAWN BY TERNENT.

Let There be Lights.

Why did I ever ask for this cigarette-lighter for Christmas? Oh, yes—it works; but where am I going to get the flints for it? Why, even to primitive man flint was as cheap as dirt, but to civilised man it seems more precious than gold! And every time I fill this accursed contraption, I smell as if I had just come back from the cleaner's, and I have to go and have a bath. But having asked for the thing, and having been given it as a token of esteem and regard, I've got to use it. My motives were of the best; I thought there might not be any matches, and I wanted to be economical. And now I see that there are going to be eighty-five thousand million boxes of matches allowed us in 1941. Multiply that by fifty, and you get four billion two hundred and fifty lights for cigarettes. I think I could have kept myself going in "coffin-nails" out of that little lot. But I suppose I'll have to go on using this infernal-machine and feeding it with petrol while my car goes thirsty. Well, I asked for it, and I got it!

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Lady B was perfectly right when she said that hens darken your whole life. They began darkening ours before they even arrived, and the first shadow which fell across our path was a nasty little buff Form. Now, there is something about a Form, no matter what colour, which paralyses my brain and renders me incapable of answering the simplest questions. When Bill and the Linnet were small and used to have their school luggage sent in advance, I was invariably thrown into such a state of confusion and dismay by pink Forms at the railway station that the Station Master used to take the pen out of my hand and fill them in himself. This seemed to me such a simple and admirable arrangement that I gave up trying to fill in Forms after that, and just handed them over to somebody else.

"He rushed from the house."

"Charles," I said brightly at breakfast one morning, "here 's a little Form to fill in about the hens."

"Those beastly hens!" said Charles bitterly.

"It 's quite a small form, Charles."

"I 'm a very busy man!" said Charles, and cramming his hat on to his head he rushed from the house.

I mounted the stairs to the attics and knocked politely on the Lodger's door. The Lodger turned off the Hoover and poked her head out.

"They 've sent a Form to fill in about food for *Les Girls*," I said.

The Lodger turned pale. "Oh, Henrietta!" she said. "I can't fill in Forms."

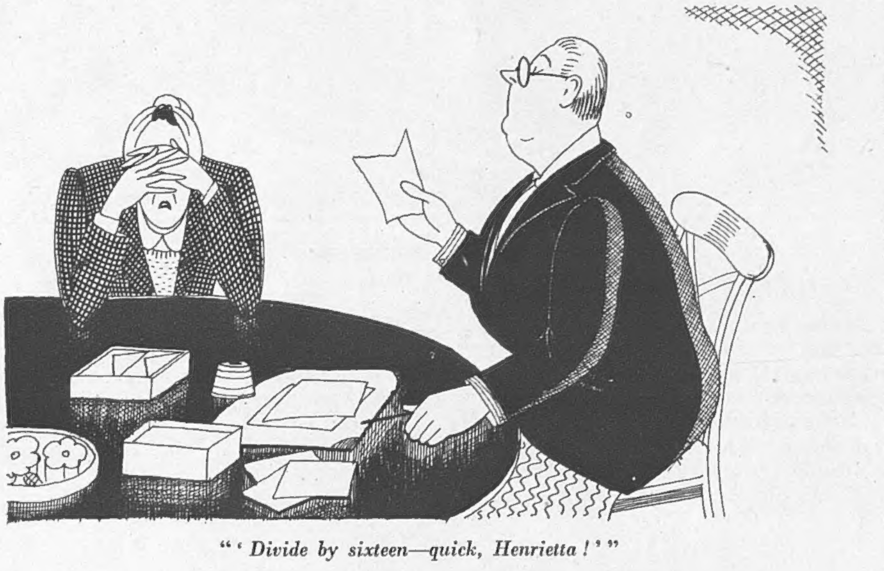
"Nor can I," I said sadly. "You know, there are times when I feel that our Art School training didn't fit us for the Battle of Life."

"Come in," said the Lodger. "Perhaps we can manage it together."

I went in. The Lodger's attic was looking particularly cosy and cheerful with the electric light on, and the curtains drawn against a cold, grey morning of rain and wind from the east. Perry, whose motto in life is, "Go where the fires are warmest," was asleep on a white sheepskin rug.

"The Sweet Love!" said the Lodger, kissing the top of his head.

"About this Form," I said, and the Lodger came and sat beside me on the sofa. We studied it carefully for some minutes, and then the Lodger leant back with a sigh and closed her eyes. "As far as I can make out, those questions are impossible to answer," she said in an exhausted voice.



"'Divide by sixteen—quick, Henrietta!'"

"They do seem rather difficult," I said. "Listen to this: 'How many hens did you keep last year?'"

"There, you see!" said the Lodger triumphantly. "We didn't keep any!"

"But Colonel Simpkins says that if we don't fill it in we won't get any food."

"It would be awful if *Les Girls* had to go hungry," said the Lodger, still with her eyes shut.

"Awful," I said, and leant back in my corner of the sofa. "I like your curtains."

"I 'm so glad," said the Lodger. "When all 's said and done, you can't beat a dirty green."

"Especially when used in juxtaposition to a little dirty red."

"I love the word 'juxtaposition,'" said the Lodger. "All the same, a really good dirty red is hard to come by. I had to dye that cushion-cover myself."

"I can well believe it," I said.

We sat in happy silence. Perry got up, turned round three times, and lay down again with a sigh. "About that Form," I said.

In the end I took it to Mrs. Savernack, who is always pleased by the exhibition of inefficiency in others, and therefore willing to help. "Good heavens, Henrietta!" she said. "What a fuss you are making about your five miserable hens! It 's perfectly simple. Now . . . How many hens did you keep last year?"

"None," I said, and Mrs. Savernack gave me a Look and wrote down five.

"Now, let me see," went on Mrs. Savernack rapidly. "Four ounces per bird per day, that 's twenty ounces a day. Multiply by thirty for the month. Twenty times thirty?"

"Er——" I said.

"Six hundred," said Mrs. Savernack. "Divide by sixteen to make it into pounds. Quick, Henrietta!"

"Have you got a pencil?" I said wildly.

"It would be awful if Les Girls *had to go hungry."*

"Thirty-seven and eight over," said Mrs. Savernack, writing it down. "Now you sign your name here. I suppose you can sign your name? That 's right. Now, all you 've got to do is to post it."

"I 'll just run home and get a stamp and an envelope," I said, in what I hoped was a bustling and efficient manner.

"You don't need a stamp or an envelope," said Mrs. Savernack patiently. "You just fold it up and put it in the letter-box."

On my way home I met the Lodger coming out of our gate. "The Form 's gone," I said.

"Gone?" said the Lodger, looking at me with a good deal of respect. "Do you mean actually posted?"

"I 've just dropped it into the letter-box myself," I said. "I had a little help over filling it in."

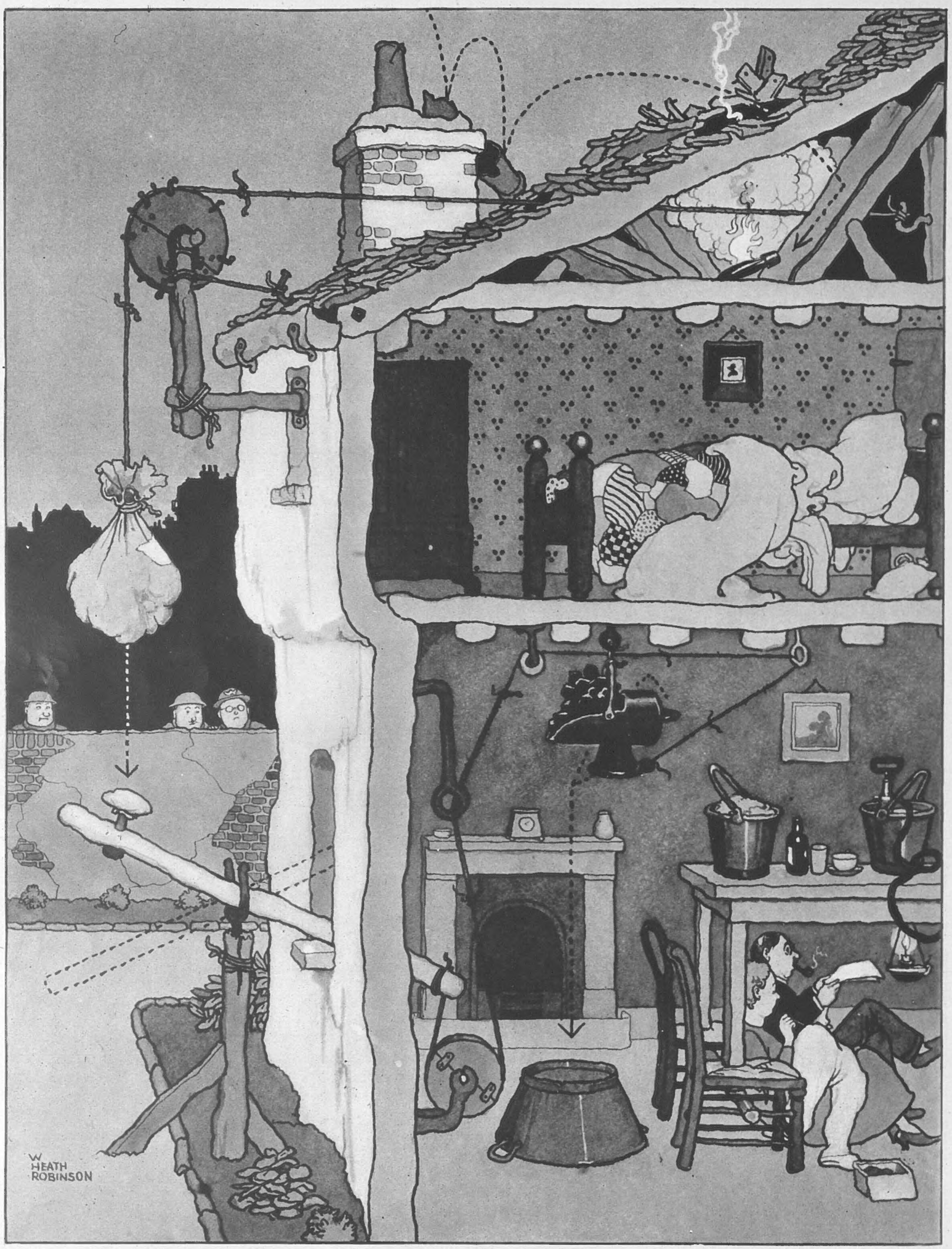
Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

ENGLAND "GOES TO IT."

"Hum! Yes, a clear case of 'Siren Ear'!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



FIRE-WATCHING SIMPLIFIED: HOW TO KNOW WHEN THERE'S AN INCENDIARY IN THE LOFT.

The business of fire-watching is beautifully simplified by this W. Heath Robinson invention, which makes it impossible for anyone to remain unaware of the presence of an incendiary bomb in the loft. Fire-watchers may sit happily under the kitchen table with their thrillers, their needlework and their pipes, secure in the knowledge that this patent will at once inform them when it's time to get busy with sand and stirrup-pump.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

TRICKY HATS TO COMFORT THE MERCHANT NAVY.

MRS. RONALD CROSS, *wife of the Minister of Shipping, had the excellent idea of organising a show of British-designed hats at the Ritz Hotel in aid of the Comforts Fund for the Merchant Navy. Half the price of each hat sold was devoted to the cause.*

H.M. QUEEN GERALDINE OF ALBANIA *and her sisters-in-law,* PRINCESS MYZEJEN *and* PRINCESS MAXHIDE, *were present at the show, and are admiring a model displayed by* LADY MARGUERITE STRICKLAND.

MISS JACQUELINE CRAVEN *wearing a royal blue coque-feather toque, with a chiffon shawl scarf to match.*

MISS MIKI HOOD, LADY MARGUERITE STRICKLAND, MISS ROSEMARY CHANCE *and* MISS JACQUELINE CRAVEN *acted as mannequins for the display of the hats.*

Left : LADY MARGUERITE STRICKLAND *adjusting one of the models before showing it off.*

Right : MISS ROSEMARY CHANCE *in an amusing little hat. She is one of the girls selected to go to South America with the British Fashion models.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

ALTHOUGH "ARISE, MY LOVE" (Carlton) involves a foreign correspondent and is set against a background of European war, it shows us no battle scenes, and is mainly bright, light comedy. For which no one is more grateful than your reviewer. This foreign correspondent theme, all the rage in fiction after the last war, is getting increasingly fashionable in Hollywood films. Hitchcock's, of course, was the first, and it seems that at least four major studios are following his lead. I understand that plans for a fifth foreign correspondent film, intended for Clark Gable, have unexpectedly struck a snag. Having bought the rights to the memoirs

"The Road to 'Frisco" (Warner Theatre) stars GEORGE RAFT *as Joe Fabrini, who runs a haulier's business with his brother Paul* (HUMPHREY BOGART; *extreme right). They are handicapped by debt for hire-purchase instalments on the truck, and a heavy overdue petrol bill. In Barney's Bar, Joe meets for the first time Cassie Hartley* (ANN SHERIDAN), *a pretty, witty waitress.*

of M. de Blowitz, doyen of foreign correspondents, the studio found that one of the most striking things about de Blowitz was the generosity of his beard. After "Parnell," it would seem rash to hedge in Mr. Gable's expensive features with a zareba.

The foreign correspondent of "Arise, My Love" is something of a novelty, being, in fact, a woman. French-born Claudette Colbert plays the part, and her opposite number is an aviator, British-born Ray Milland. Both artists are presented, however, as 100-per-cent. aggression-hating American citizens for the purpose of the film. And neither of them is too occupied with war to find time for snappy dialogue and romantic intermission. Mr. Milland's hero is a gentleman of fortune, a flier who takes his share in the Spanish war after losing his commercial licence as pilot of an American air-liner. (Reason: an unofficial jaunt with a pretty stewardess.) He escapes from a Spanish prison-camp and meets Miss Colbert, the *chic* and personable correspondent. (She reminds him of the stewardess, he tells her, but tactfully.)

Their romance, and their reactions to the second world war are presented with a shrewd mixture of humour and propagandist purpose by the same writing team that did the "Ninotchka" script. The two adventurers sip their drinks together in Paris just before the outbreak of war. They make love in the forest of Compiègne while the fatal armistice is being signed in the railway carriage. A little sobered, although not unduly oppressed, by the experiences they have been through, they see it as their final duty to warn America of its peril.

All ends well for Joe and Cassie, though he is committed for trial on circumstantial evidence. However, the strain Lana has undergone, and Joe's accusing eyes in court, send her mentally to pieces, and after a hysterical outburst she is declared insane; Joe is freed, and takes his place as manager of the fleet of trucks.

Those background shots of Paris and Compiègne are amongst the most valuable cargo that Paramount ever shipped. Rushed out of Europe just before war changed the face of France, they were worth about £100 last spring, but are almost priceless now. One of the most significant effects of the war on Hollywood is the changed attitude of the studios towards what is known as "library stuff." The library, which contains thousands of feet of film of foreign places to be used for back projection, has always been something of a Cinderella of the studios. It was always there in the background when wanted, constantly restocked, constantly available. Now the old stock of European film is running low, and, with the current difficulties of replacement, every foot is valuable.

To add to the studios' troubles, nobody knows, in the shifting fortunes of war, what bit of background stuff will be needed next. As long as Hollywood producers follow the political trends, Hollywood librarians have to be ahead with their "atmosphere." One American firm is said to be the proud possessor of four miles of views of the city of Bath. Background shots of Oxford, too, are going strong. Dons, quads, bicycles, dreaming spires. Any shot, too, showing the lions in Trafalgar Square is at a premium. Truck-loads of old film that used to be broken up are now hand-picked with loving care, in case there should be some library shot among them. Truly, even distant Hollywood isn't immune from the long arm of war.

Take a look at "Arise, My Love," by all means. You will enjoy it. Take a look at "ARIZONA" (Regal), too. You should enjoy that. At least, I'm assuming that you like Jean Arthur, with her sharp little

Lana Carlsen (IDA LUPINO), *fascinated by the unimpressionable Joe, murders her husband, the head of a freight fleet, by leaving him drunk and insensible in the garage with the car running, and Joe and she run the business together. She confesses that she committed the crime in order that she and Joe can be alone together. Disgusted, he leaves, and she revengefully informs the District Attorney that Joe had forced her to murder Carlsen.*

face, her soft, corncrake voice, and her authoritative ways. Most people do. "Arizona," in spite of its packed canvas and what publicity departments delight in calling "cast of thousands," is nearly all Jean Arthur. Jean Arthur, windblown, on a rearing horse. Jean Arthur, in check shirt and breeches, looking mean at a couple of bad men down a gun-barrel. Jean Arthur, in ginghams, with her hair piled high. Jean Arthur, smiling at a young man, in something soft and feminine.

This is the most highly-coloured part that Miss Arthur has had since "The Plainsman." She plays a real heroine of history, one Phœbe Titus. This lady, it seems, lived in Tucson, Arizona, in the pioneer days, when white women were a rarity. Baking and selling pies at a dollar apiece, she earns enough money to buy an ox-team and set herself up in the freightage business. She falls in love with banjo-playing pioneer Peter Muncie (William Holden), before he rides off to the West to join the Union Army in California. (Yes, it's another of those Civil War pictures.)

Left alone and unprotected, our Phœbe proves herself no shrinking lily. Troops from the North and South successively occupy Tucson, the townspeople are threatened by Indians, a couple of scoundrels (Warren William and Porter Hall) try to steal the Titus business, and cattle rustling is the order of the day, but Phœbe is always on top of the situation. Coy, almost gentle in her hours of ease, she proves in emergency as tough a nut as any heavy ever tried to crack. She takes a fierce delight in forcing two thieves to give each other the cat. She can wait patiently for hours with her gun levelled at a bad man, considering just when to shoot. She is the sort of fighter, I suspect, after our Prime Minister's own heart, just the girl to have by you when you go out to fight in the streets or on the beaches. No wonder she helped to make the West safe for democracy, and contracted the first all-white marriage in Arizona.

NEW YORK GAIETY—AND HELP FOR BRITAIN.

A gay New York party was held at Ciro's, attended by RANDY SCOTT *and many screen stars.*

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, CHARLES BOYER, JAMES CAGNEY, RONALD COLMAN *and* JUDY GARLAND *at the "Bundles for Britain" broadcast.*

"ROSEY" ROSENBERG, JUNE DUPREZ *and* RANDY SCOTT *dancing at Ciro's in New York.*

IDA LUPINO, *member of the "Royal Family of Greasepaint," the Lupino clan; with* LOUIS HAYWORTH.

GENE MARKEY *and* CAROL LANDIS *taking the floor together.*

GARY COOPER *and his beautiful wife arriving at a party.*

DON AMECHE, *looking and feeling gay, frivolous and happy at a New York Ciro's party.*

THERE'S gaiety in New York, as shown by these pictures of famous film people enjoying Ciro's "Happy New Year" Party, but this does not prevent [Continued opposite.

Right: MERLE OBERON, MICKEY ROONEY, BRIAN DONLEVY, MYRNA LOY *and* ADOLPHE MENJOU *gathered round the "mike" at the "Bundles for Britain" broadcast.*

every well-known New Yorker from sparing thoughts for Britain in her great fight, for almost 4000 people were jammed into the Palladium for the recent "Bundles for Britain" broadcast. All revenues from the tickets sold went to the British War Relief sponsored by the "Bundles for Britain" Committee local office.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MISS ELLEN WILKINSON—*for being the first to demonstrate table-shelter manners to* MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL *and* MR. HERBERT MORRISON.

MISS ALEXIS SMITH—*for being born Smith and refusing to have any other screen name thrust upon her.*

MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL, MR. HERBERT MORRISON, and MISS ELLEN WILKINSON inspected one of the new steel indoor table shelters which the Government has now approved and will shortly begin to issue. When in use, steel netting transforms the shelters into the semblance of cages. Mattresses can be placed in these shelters, and one will accommodate a small family. Mrs. Churchill said that she would like to have one at No. 10, Downing Street, but thought her family would require two. Miss Wilkinson herself tested the comfort of the new device.

MRS. PEARL M. HYDE, G.M.—*for the unselfish devotion to duty which has won her the coveted George Medal.*

MISS ALEXIS SMITH, screen actress under contract to Warner Bros., has refused to change her name and will remain Miss Smith. The last Miss Smith to go on the screen was Mary Smith—but she altered her surname to Pickford!

MRS. PEARL M. HYDE, County Borough Organiser, W.V.S., Coventry, has been awarded the George Medal for the conspicuous bravery she has shown in shepherding people to public shelters, and by her unselfish devotion to duty. She has fed the homeless and A.R.P. workers, going out to do this in spite of danger from falling masonry and unexploded bombs.

LAURENCE OLIVIER—*for the unparalleled luxuriance of his "Forty-ninth Parallel" beard and whiskers.*

LAURENCE OLIVIER wears a magnificent beard and whiskers and a grand crop of curly hair in the British propaganda film, "Forty-ninth Parallel," which is being shot at Denham. It will be remembered that when Clark Gable played Parnell he had to be clean-shaven, because the American producer thought that "the dames wouldn't stand for" a bearded hero. Dames have evidently acquired more robust tastes since the war!

MICKEY ROONEY, the boy star, looked thoroughly grown up in his well-cut tuxedo when he attended the Washington gala to celebrate the inauguration of Mr. Roosevelt's third term as President. He was welcomed by Mrs. Roosevelt. Mrs. Boetigger is her daughter.

MICKEY ROONEY *(here seen with* MRS. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT, MRS. J. BOETIGGER *and* MR. J. ROOSEVELT*)—for being grown up and getting a smile of welcome from America's First Lady.*

THE HEAD OF ENSA.

SIR SEYMOUR HICKS, *veteran actor, manager, playwright and author, is the Controller of ENSA—the man who sees that the troops get the best entertainment that artists can give, and none could be better qualified for such a task. Born in Guernsey in 1871, Sir Seymour has entertained several generations of Londoners and has played to audiences all over the world. His big hits include his appearances in his own plays, " The Earl and the Girl," " Sleeping Partners," " The Man in Dress Clothes," and countless others. He built the Aldwych Theatre, which he opened with his " Bluebell in Fairyland " in 1905. He organised a concert party and played to troops at the Front in the 1914-18 war. He was knighted in 1935, and at Drury Lane, where, as illustrated by Topolski in our last week's issue, ENSA shows are " manufactured," Sir Seymour occupies Sheridan's room, a suitable office for a great personality of the British stage. His wit, charm and energy are proverbial.* (DRAWN BY FELIKS TOPOLSKI.)

SMILING THROUGH THIS WARTIME WINTER: BRIDEGROOMS, AND

CAPTAIN PHILIP CHARLES RONALD CARRINGTON, the *Royal Welch Fusiliers, only son of Brigadier C. R. B. Carrington, married* MISS JOAN STACEY BURN, *eldest daughter of Dr. J. S. Burn, at Richmond Parish Church Surrey.*

EVELYN LAYE *recently visited the Royal Navy at a port somewhere on our coast. She tried her hand at rope-splicing, to the delight and amusement of the seamen.*

The infant daughter of PILOT OFFICER *the* HON. WILLIAM BUCHAN, *brother of Lord Tweedsmuir, and the* HON. MRS. BUCHAN, *formerly Miss Nesta Crozier, was christened* PERDITA CAROLINE *at Elsfield Parish Church, Oxford.*

MRS. GERARD ANKERMAN, *formerly Mrs. Yvonne Macdonald, served in France with the Mechanised Transport Corps. Her book, "Red Tape Notwithstanding," which describes her adventures at the Paris H.Q., of which she was Commandant, will shortly be published.*

MLLE. ALICE DELYSIA *had the honour of a chat with the* DUCHESS OF KENT *after her Royal Highness had presented the fleet of eighteen ambulances for service in Greece to Counsellor Jean Romanos, representing H.E. the Greek Minister, on behalf of the British Volunteer Ambulance Corps.*

MISS BABBETTE IRENE ("CHIMPS") SALT, *younger daughter of Major-Gen. H. F. Salt, and sister of Mrs. Osborne (Primrose Salt), is engaged to Captain J. de Grey Tatham Warter.*

THE CAMERA TAKES A LOOK AT BRIDES, OTHERS IN THE NEWS.

Models of the "Cutty Sark," the "Bounty," and other famous sailing-ships, have been made from salvaged wood by these London A.F.S. men. One, however, has constructed a model aeroplane.

FLIGHT LIEUT. H. H. A. IRONSIDE, *R.A.F., nephew of Field-Marshal Lord Ironside, married* MISS HOPE CHANCELLOR, *only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert St. Vincent Chancellor, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.*

The marriage of the EARL OF INCHCAPE, *12th Royal Lancers, to* MRS. PIXIE HANNAY, *daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Pease, and widow of Pilot Officer Patrick Hannay, took place quietly at Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street.*

The marriage of CAPTAIN DENNIS W. SEDDON-BROWN, *Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry, son of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Norman Seddon-Brown, of Escowbeck, Lancs, to* MISS ELIZABETH POË, *daughter of Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Poë, D.S.O., took place at Monkton Priory Church.*

MISS PRISCILLA AMBER COBDEN-SANDERSON, *daughter of Mr. Richard Cobden-Sanderson, is engaged to Lieut. Frank Webster Grainge, Royal Corps of Signals.*

COLONEL FRANK KNOX, *Secretary of the U.S. Navy, is here seen giving a hearty welcome to* VISCOUNT HALIFAX, *new British Ambassador to the U.S.A., and* VISCOUNTESS HALIFAX, *on their arrival. President Roosevelt broke all precedent by coming in person to greet our Envoy.*

SIX-NIGHTS-A-WEEK VOLUNTEER CONCERT PARTY.

Living marionettes STANLEY EDWARDS *(left) and* ERIC MORLEY *in their version of "The Lambeth Walk." They are members of a voluntary Y.M.C.A. concert party working on the South Coast, made up of people who are in business all day.*

STANLEY EDWARDS *and* ERIC MORLEY, *in private life a commercial traveller and an engraver, in one of their numbers.*

CLIFFORD RAWSON, *comedian-in-chief of the party, with* BETTY CLARKE, *a young actress who sings with him.*

In private life a hairdresser, a furrier, a lingerie shop-assistant, and a Records Office official: NORAH ROUS, PEGGY BAKER, ENID *and* JEAN ROUS.

LUCY M. EVANS, *A.R.P. telephonist, and badminton champion, is the accompanist,* GORDON DAVIS, *producer,* PAULINE PETRIE *a vocalist.*

FRANK HILDER, *the ventriloquist, and his doll. He sounded the "Cease Fire" signal in the last war.*

MARGARET PEPLER *in her solo sketch, "Teaching a Soldier to Dance," a most popular number. The concert party performs six nights a week.*

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY YEVONDE.

RED CROSS DAUGHTER OF A GREAT FIELD-MARSHAL.

LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG *is the eldest daughter of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig of Bemersyde, one of the great soldiers of the last war. She is serving as a Red Cross nurse and, as our photograph shows, looks very well in the severe hospital uniform. She has one brother, the present Earl Haig, and two sisters, Lady Victoria Montagu Douglas-Scott and Lady Irene Haig.*

YOUNG AUSTRALIA ON BEACH PA
WITH REEL-A

Reel-woman of the Elwood "Girl Lifeguards" at work at routine practice: NANCE McMILLAN, book-keeper in civil life.

A famous women life-savers team swings into action: The ELWOOD GIRLS "go to it."

"Gently does it!" Practising lowering the half-drowned patient to the sand before giving artificial respiration.

Left: BELT - WOMAN BETTY SPIERS SETS THE BELT. When not on duty on the beach, she's a mannequin; in a rough sea she can swim with the best men.

Right: Giving artificial respiration; one of the team girls practising on a fellow life-saver.

OL: GIRL LIFEGUARDS IN ACTION

LINE TEAMS.

AN TURNER, leader of the team, and first lines-man. She is the wife of A. E. Beckett, captain of the Elwood Life-saving club.

AUSTRALIAN heroism and physical strength and glory are not confined to the Commonwealth soldiers who have won imperishable fame on the Libyan sands. The women of "Down Under" are equally splendid, and their work as life-savers on the beaches of Australia provides a fine chapter of efficiency and unselfishness. Life-saving clubs with teams of men and women are a feature of Australian life, and save some 20,000 lives a year on the long coastline. Five teams of young women patrol Port Phillip Bay beaches in the summer, and all have reached a high pitch of efficiency in reel-and-line work, the most successful in competitions being the Elwood Girls' Club, illustrated on these pages. The first reel-and-line team was inaugurated at Elwood in 1924, and the first championship held in 1928. Day after day, team members patrol the beaches without any fee or reward.

At routine life-saving practice: The CARRIERS RUNNING WITH THE PATIENT *rescued from drowning.*

Right: Another study of JEAN TURNER, *leader of the Elwood Girls' team. She is a magnificent type of young Australian womanhood.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY STUDIO BRIGGS.

ONLY A BEAUTIFUL MEMORY!

The photograph on this page is enough to bring tears to the eyes of even the most stoical, for the sight of five onions on a plate is, to most of us, only a beautiful memory, and as everyone interested in good food knows, it is practically impossible to cook without these invaluable—and at one time somewhat despised—vegetables, which have now disappeared from our horizon.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STUDIO BRIGGS.

THE UNATTAINABLE!

And here is another study of something which we once all took for granted that has now become unattainable—a nice collection of juicy lemons and, in the centre, a refreshing-looking glass of "squash," complete with straws. If you want any of this delicious citrus fruit at the moment—well, it must be admitted that the answer is—just a lemon, and likely to remain so at present!

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

I AM always aware of a strangeness in the novels of Mr. Joyce Cary, and, trying to analyse it, I find it comes partly from the quality and partly from the attitude of his mind. The quality and the attitude, I suppose, are really aspects of the same thing; the first has the greater effect on one while reading the book, the second when reflecting on it. The quality is bright, glittering, and perhaps a little hard; it stimulates and compels, like the sight of a precious metal. It is, above all things, an interested mind, a masculine mind in search of ideas, rather than a feeling mind. I would not for a moment suggest that Mr. Cary's writing lacks feeling, but in his case thought precedes feeling, not feeling thought. He belongs to the tradition of Fielding and Sir Walter Scott and Tolstoy, not to that of Richardson and Turgenev and Henry James. Their minds had a feminine cast, and if one were to generalise one would say that most of the novelists writing to-day whose work is valued by the reading public have minds in which the relationship of thought and emotion is feminine.

"There's nothing of such infinite vexation as a man's own thoughts," says a character in one of Webster's plays—and that is true if, like the Italians, we regard thought as akin to worry. But impersonal thought, thought centred on a subject or simply interested in life, has this great recommendation, that it can for ever seek its object, and be for ever unsatisfied, without in any way saddening or frustrating the thinker It is otherwise with emotion. Emotion unsatisfied sours, saddens, and frustrates. In life, thanks to the struggle for existence, few people are able to live on a predominantly emotional plane, and though hardly anyone gets what he really wants, he is prevented, by the undergrowth of practical problems and details round him, from seeing his life as an emotional failure. But in fiction it is not only possible to isolate the emotional life from competing interests, it is, in the case of the feminine-minded novelist, almost inevitable; the fact that A loves B but marries C becomes the dominating circumstance in A's life. Sadness, frustration, tragedy: that is what we expect from a serious novelist nowadays, and that is what we get. And the times being what they are, it is not easy to say that such a presentation of existence is "untrue to life,"

Another View of Life. Mr. Joyce Cary's conception of the human lot is completely at variance with this. Often his novels "end badly": Aissa, if saved in the Christian sense, is (if my memory serves me) burnt alive; Mr. Johnson, that genial rogue, is hanged. A climax of emotion accompanies their deaths, but it is not a tragic, still less a frustrated emotion; it is a fulfilment, one might almost say a glorious fulfilment: life completing itself in a blaze of excitement which looks to nothing beyond itself and needs no moral justification. For Mr. Cary life is full of glory and excitement, and death is simply the crowning act in a great adventure.

A Call to Happiness. This superb confidence in life was much in evidence in his novel about evacuee children, "Charley is My Darling," and it is equally noticeable in his new book. Here, again, the *dramatis personæ* are mostly of tender years. Of tender years, but not of conspicuously tender natures. The household of cousins who spent long months with the narrator's Aunt Hersey at her house at Dunamara, on an Irish sea-lough, are not little hooligans, like Charley's gang, for they are all gently nurtured; but they too can be fairly ruthless, as witness their undisguised hostility to Mackee, the lawyer, whose one fault seems to have been an "apologetic, humble smile," proclaiming his wish to please. "We knew his misery and enjoyed it. We were little anti-Christs taking a pleasure in creating an injustice, and I believe we did it in pure wantonness." Their heroes (and they were nearly all hero-worshippers) were the narrator's father, their tutor, Pinto, and Oweny, an odd-job man of philosophical disposition and independent character. All the trio had this in common; in their different ways they were lords of life who did what they wanted, and did it with style and assurance. I do not know whether "A House of Children" is autobiographical; if it is not, then the illusion of a personal record is wonderfully, impeccably rendered, and the book will take its place with kindred works of Kenneth Grahame and Henry Williamson as one of the best descriptions of a happy childhood that exists. It is more mature in outlook than they are, because Mr. Cary is not content with transcribing the feelings and characteristic experience of youth: he is always looking for its secret, trying to isolate its essence, as well as tracing the parentage of the man in the child. Of Aunt Hersey he says: "her . . . life was wasted in trifling anxieties: she had no real life at all, only a sense of strain." Of his father: "Wherever he was . . . one found the same atmosphere of energy, sport and vigorous purpose; above all, the sense of life being used and enjoyed." At Dunamara the children used life and enjoyed it; and as far as Mr. Cary can be said to be a writer with a purpose, that purpose is to celebrate the use and enjoyment of life, and make it as natural for grown-ups as it is for children. This lovely book is therefore a clear call to happiness; and as such it could not come more welcome than it does now.

Childhood in Kildare. "My Uncle Frank" is a pendant, and not an unworthy pendant, to "A House of Children." Mr. Bodkin too describes an Irish childhood, his own experiences when as a boy he was, on and off for two years, the guest of his uncle, Frank MacMahon, at Beauparc, an estate in the wilds of Kildare. (The Ireland of that date, the turn of the century, seemed to abound in hospitable aunts and uncles.) Tom was eleven when these visits began, and he had some of the same hero-worship for his uncle that his opposite number in Mr. Cary's book felt for his father. Uncle Frank, however, was a different kind of man; less dashing and decorative, but with an equal, if more subdued appetite for life, and also with a sense of responsibility which made him give back to it as much as he took out. As a farmer he cultivated the land; as a doctor he treated the bodies, and incidentally the minds, of his neighbours. He had many irons in the fire. He was a great sportsman, a lover of horse-flesh, a devotee of the race-course, and he found time to initiate his nephew into these pleasures and into many others. "He was kind, generous, truthful, just and brave. He had no trace of

[Continued overleaf.

OUR NEW SERIES OF COLOUR PLATES—THE FIFTH NEXT WEEK.

AS announced in our issue of December 25, the New Year resolutions of *The Sketch* included the decision to accede to the numerous requests of readers and to restart a series of amusing colour plates. In our issue of January 1, 1941, we published the first of this new set, a plate in full colour by Mr. David Wright, and NEXT WEEK, FEB. 26, WE ARE PRESENTING THE FIFTH.

There is little need to introduce this artist, whose work has already graced so many wardrooms, cabins, messes and billets of serving men.

In making the decision to publish our new series, we have in view the brightening of the hours of leisure of our naval men, soldiers and airmen, and hope thereby to echo the high spirits of our fighting men.

But it is not only to the fighting Services that these plates will make their appeal. Many members of the Civil Defence Services have their lonely posts, which may be enlivened by these sprightly works of art.

For this reason we are publishing the plates loose in the numbers so that they may easily be removed by those who wish to pin them on their walls.

As *The Sketch* is no longer on sale or return, we would recommend any of our readers who have not already done so, to place a regular order with their newsagents, else they may miss one or more of the series. The plates will appear every fortnight.

WHERE LIFE IS STILL FROTH AND BUBBLE !

Here's a lovely, refreshing, carefree picture from Hollywood. It illustrates the latest pastime, a bubble-bath in a swimming-pool. MARY BRODEL, ALEXIS SMITH, LUCIA CARROLL *and* JAN CLAYTON *are the girls enjoying the fun. Alexis Smith is pictured on our "Hats Off" page, for she has decided not to change her name for her screen career, but to remain Miss Smith.*

Continued.]
vanity, that ineradicable source of most evil." So his nephew sums him up. He deserved all these epithets; but epithets embalm a character, they do not give the effect of a living presence, or, at any rate, not nearly so vividly as would a series of denigratory adjectives. "Mad, bad and dangerous to know," implies a great deal; "sane, good and safe to know" does not mean much, and does not, moreover, sound very attractive. How hard it is not to make the description of a good man sound insipid! In this difficult enterprise Mr. Bodkin scores a great success; the red blood, the happy strain of violence in Uncle Frank refresh like oxygen his many sterling qualities; everything he did was an expression of himself; he did not pursue virtue, he carried it with him.

A Grateful Portrait.

In portraying him, Mr. Bodkin also portrays himself—a charming little boy with a slightly serious turn of mind that made him happy in adult companionship. He was never drunk with gregariousness, like some of the Dunamara children, but he got on easily with people. He had a precociously developed gift of generosity which he tried to exercise on his poorer neighbours—without much success, for the inhabitants of Kildare did not relish taking money from a child. This amiable weakness provides the most dramatic episode in the book—Tom's interview with the *soi-disant* King Lobengula, then an exhibit in Barnum and Bailey's show; and his imaginative response to this spectacle of fallen majesty is typical of his sensitive spirit. Sensitive and grateful; he felt he owed his Uncle Frank a debt for these happy days at Beauparc, and this unforgettable little portrait is his repayment.

Exceptional Circumstances.

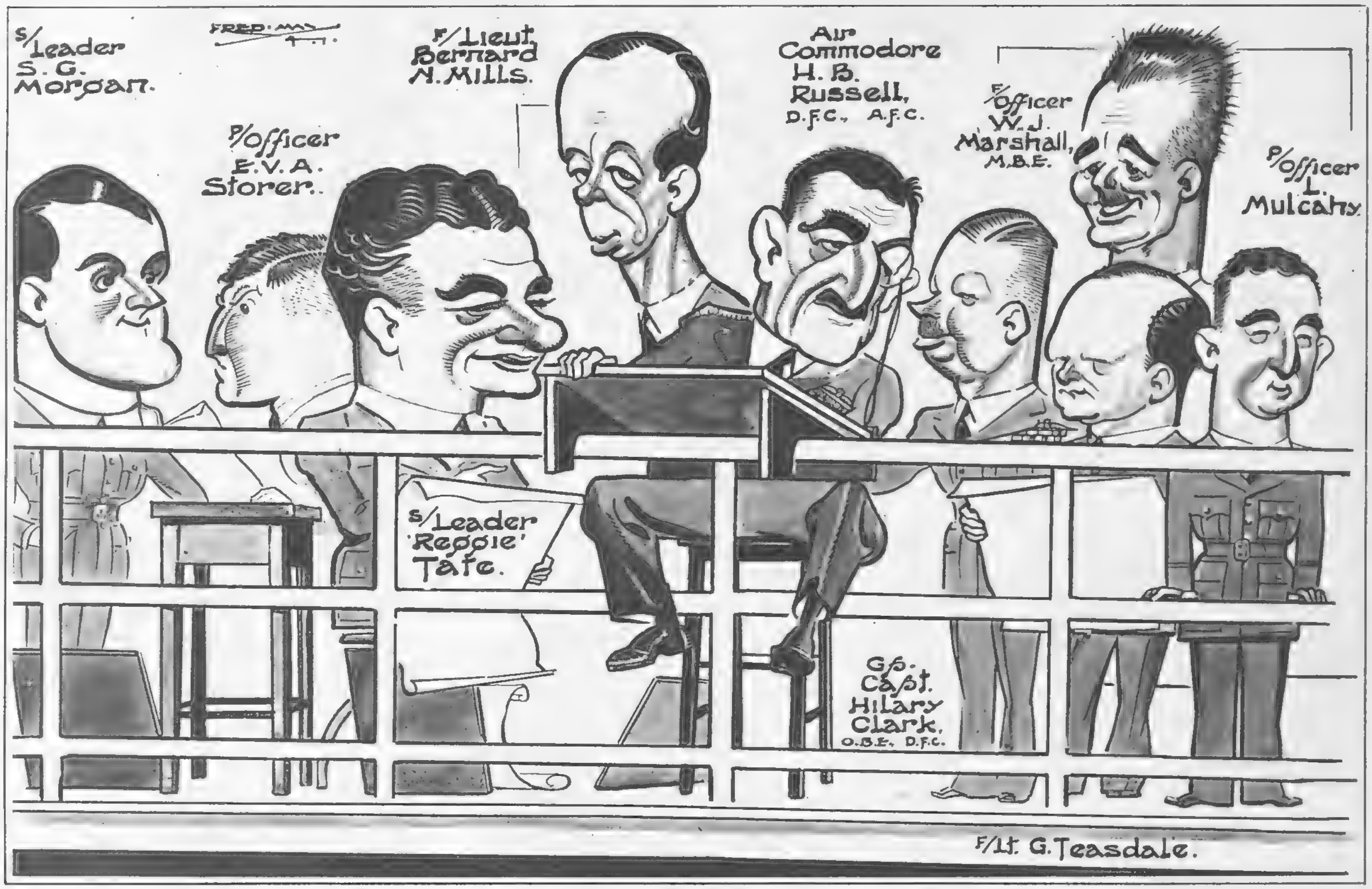
"Counterpoint Murder" lays claim to having "one of the most ingenious plots the Coles have yet produced," and the claim is an understatement. Few writers can have evolved so simple and yet so baffling a plot; and if those concerned in organising the crimes had been content to let well alone, there seems no method which could have discovered their guilt. It is fortunate for the security of society that the set of circumstances which made these crimes possible must be of rare occurrence, or the rate of suicides among Scotland Yard officials would show an alarming increase. The interest of the story lies almost exclusively in the plot, the characters being of secondary importance; but the plot is certainly bold, original, and complex enough to carry the book with ease. Here and there small points offer the critic an insecure foothold—the choice of poison, for instance: would it be possible to swallow even Australian burgundy without detecting so pungent a flavour?—but they are only blemishes on a first-rate story.

Sons of the Sawdust.

"The Circus Has No Home" is also, in a sense, the acknowledgment of a debt. Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke fell in love with Rosaire's Circus, followed it about, enjoyed the friendship of the remarkable family who ran it, identified himself with its interests and its life; and he has written this book to celebrate the happiest of associations, which only came to an end when the circus itself came to an end, at the outbreak of the present war.

In one way [he says], Rosaire's Circus differed from all others—it was a democracy. Circus people, accustomed to the tradition of a single boss, shook their heads warningly over this. All the big shows had had an autocrat and there are endless stories in the circus world of the sudden and sweeping edicts of these dictators. But with Rosaire's there was no supreme authority. The Count was nominally the proprietor, but he used to say that his children were the most independent people in the business, and not the devil himself could control them by arbitrary orders.

The "Count" was the name by which the elder Rosaire, *né* Ross, was universally known; he met the Countess while "busking" in the streets of a Staffordshire town. He asked her to kiss him, but she refused; next he asked her for a cure for toothache, and this she gave him: "a glass of stout with a hot poker in it." All this, and how the circus came into being, the struggles and set-backs he endured in the process of making "Rosaire's" the third largest circus in England, the Count confided to Mr. Croft-Cooke on a moonlight night in the shadow of Beverley Minster. There is a false romance connected with the circus, and a true one; in this book we get the real thing, and it is romantic enough. The Count and Countess had eight children, on whose strong and willing shoulders the whole success of the show depended: they were, and no doubt are, delightful people, whose acquaintance it is a pleasure to make—and a sorrow to lose. The war has brought many good things to an end; let us hope that among the first to get on its feet will be Rosaire's Circus.



Some of the ground staff of the ROYAL AIR FORCE *appear in this week's cartoon. The majority of these officers have done their full quota of flying in days gone by.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

BOOKS REVIEWED.

A House of Children. By Joyce Cary. (*Michael Joseph; 8s.*)
My Uncle Frank. By Thomas Bodkin. (*Robert Hale; 5s.*)
Counterpoint Murder. By G. D. H. and M. Cole. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
The Circus Has No Home. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. (*Methuen; 12s. 6d.*)

Carol (JOAN BENNETT) *and Eric* (FRANCIS LEDERER) *arrive in Germany with their son, Rickey* (JOHNNY RUSSELL). *Eric is a German-American revisiting his old country.*

Carol finds that Eric is so obsessed with the Nazi doctrines that he disregards his promise to help Dr. Gerhardt's brother.

"THE MAN I MARRIED"—WITH JOAN BENNETT AND FRANCIS LEDERER.

"THE MAN I MARRIED," new Twentieth Century-Fox picture, was due at the New Gallery on Sunday, February 16. Eric is a German-American with an American wife, Carol. He is fascinated by the efficiency of the Nazi machine and by an old sweetheart, Frieda. He forgets his promise to help the brother of an American friend, and decides to remain in Germany. Carol fights against this obsession, but in vain. Eric, however, learns that his mother is a Jewess, and that he cannot be a Nazi.

Frieda (ANNA STEN), *the Nazi girl, provokes a quarrel between Eric and Carol.*

The Nazis torture old women and children, forcing them to grovel in the gutter, picking up garbage.

Carol seeks counsel and help from the American Embassy and meets Kenneth Delane (LLOYD NOLAN).

Eric learns that he is not racially pure and cannot join the Party—his mother was a Jewess. His wife, Carol, no longer loves him.

AIR-RAID SHELTERERS. No. 4.—MRS. LOBWORTHY.*

By WINIFRED DUKE. *Author of "The Laird," "Out of the North," etc.*

ELSIE LOBWORTHY gave a final wriggle to induce her siren suit to cling more comfortably to her person, grabbed her bag, containing everything required for a night in a shelter, and ran out of the house as the "Alert's" first wailing note began its familiar warble. Really, it was too tiresome of John to make her promise to go to the Massingberes' shelter every time there was a warning. She would much have preferred to stay in her house, or, alternatively, to go to the nearest public shelter instead. There you were one of a crowd, an unimportant unit, packed round with unknown individuals whom you would probably never see again; whereas with the Massingberes. . . . She pulled her pixy-cap further over her forehead and hastened her steps. Down the path, out at the gate, in at the next gate, across the grass, and there was the shelter. The door stood open, Fred Massingbere's plump figure hovering in the aperture. He called across the darkness: "That you, Elsie?"

"Yes."

"Do come in, then, and, Fred, for mercy's sake shut the door." The speaker was Fred's wife, Doris. She sounded upset, slightly hysterical, Elsie thought. Silly of her. No good in losing your head.

"Hullo, Doris!"

"Hullo! Oh, isn't it awful? I'm sure they'll get us any night. Is John coming, Elsie?"

"You forget, he's on duty—A.R.P." Elsie groped her way into the shelter. "Well, I suppose I may as well make myself comfortable, as goodness knows how long we'll be here."

"Yes, do. I wish you'd turn on the light, Fred. Is that the siren suit you were talking about, Elsie?"

"Um-m. Not bad, I call it. If Fred wasn't here, I'd show you the 'cute way it fastens."

They both giggled. Doris's laugh ended on a fresh note of hysteria. Elsie bit her lip, plumped into a chair, and took some knitting out of her bag. She bent over it industriously, the needles flashing and clicking.

"What are you making?" Doris asked carelessly.

"A little frock. It's for Jean's baby."

Doris gave her a sour look and said nothing. Elsie felt suddenly that she had been tactless and clumsy. She oughtn't to have brought the work here. The Lobworthys had one daughter, married a year previously. Her husband was in the Air Force, and Jean, with her five-weeks-old baby, had gone to his people in the country. The Massingberes had no children. Elsie knew that Doris was bitterly disappointed and envied her Jean.

Funny—she missed a stitch, caught her breath, and dug angrily at the wool to retrieve the truant—how one could be acquainted with people for years and years and yet never really like them. She and Doris had lived in the same road of the same suburb as children, had been at school together, and then Fate had placed them side by side after each married. Fred Massingbere and Elsie's husband worked in the same office. Even on their honeymoon they hadn't been rid of Fred and Doris. John and Elsie settled to go to the Lakes. A friend had told them of a tiny hotel at Tarnwater and they had flattered themselves that there they would be completely cut off from their circle of acquaintances and able to enjoy their newly-married state in solitude. The day after their arrival Fred and Doris appeared. It wasn't exactly a honeymoon, as the Massingberes had been married six months, but they were on a walking-tour, they explained airily, and had come for a night to Tarnwater. What fun to meet John and Elsie here!

Was it? Elsie's lips closed grimly, recalling that time. The one night extended to a week, a seemingly interminable week. Fred twisted his ankle, thus making walking impossible for some days, and Doris developed a bronchial cold. Of course, Elsie mused, she and John could have gone farther afield, but why should they be driven away by the Massingberes? They liked the place, and the hotel, really a glorified inn, was very comfortable. She could see it now, its white face turned to the lake, and inside its secretive passages, low doors, shaky door-handles, and sudden twists and curves and steps. There was a funny little staircase running up to a landing and a broad window. That night the moon had shone through it, a pallid glare. She hadn't needed a candle. . . .

"John's arm better?" Fred asked affably.

"Yes, thanks. It wasn't a bad burn. Oh, don't talk for a minute, either of you! I've dropped another stitch."

"You can't see to knit in here. The light's awful," Doris grumbled.

"Well, I don't know, old girl. That lamp seems pretty good to me," Fred objected.

They had always been like that. Even at Tarnwater. . . . Elsie saw again the stuffy little dining-room of the hotel, the maroon wallpaper, the engraving of "The Stag at Bay" over the sideboard, the glimpse from the window of the tops of trees, the solid table, and the four people seated round it. Meals were no pleasure with the Massingberes present. Doris carped and Fred argued. No one could say that they actually quarrelled, but they nagged at each other, or, to be fairer, Doris nagged and Fred objected. He did it in a half-joking way, telling her that he couldn't help the rain or her cold or mutton figuring over-frequently on the menu; but it wasn't pleasant, especially when he appealed to John or Elsie for an opinion. Neither liked to side with him and make Doris sulky, and her flat, complaining voice seemed as endless as the rain. How it had beat down, smothering everything in its clammy curtain, dimming the inn's brasswork, and chilling one through and through unless one stayed near the fire. John did not mind. He plunged out into the downpour, returning every time with a roaring appetite for his meals, and chaffing Elsie about her reluctance to face the elements. Doris had retired to bed, and Fred hobbled around or sat with Elsie in the dim, faded drawing-room. Everything about it was feeble, indeterminate; the chintzes, washed to an impersonal, patternless white, the weak water-colours ornamenting the pallid walls, the piano, half its notes dumb from damp, the blurred windows, framing a sodden oblong of garden and a wall where bedraggled hollyhocks leant in a depressed huddle. She did some needlework and wrote a letter or two or played backgammon with Fred. Although there were four of them, bridge in the evenings wasn't much fun. Doris lost her temper when she didn't win, and Fred liked to talk over every game at its conclusion. The very cards had lost their crispness and clung damply to one's fingers. . . .

"I don't believe they're so near to-night," Fred remarked hopefully.

"They're near enough for me," Doris retorted. "Oh, Fred, did you turn off the stair light?"

"I thought you'd do it."

"Why should I? You were upstairs last."

"No, I wasn't. You left your gas-mask in the bedroom, and I remember quite well your going to get it, and I yelled after you not to forget the light."

"It can't be helped now, but I don't want a warden or a policeman coming round."

"They won't. I'm sure you put it out."

Doris shrugged her shoulders and began eating sweets out of a half-finished box.

"Have one, Elsie?"

"No, thanks. I brought my vacuum flask with coffee, and I'll drink it presently if I want anything. There's enough for you two. Have you got some cups?"

"I don't care for coffee late. It keeps me awake. Fred might like it."

"Well, thanks. I'm due on duty at ten, so it'd be rather nice first." Fred was, or considered himself, an important individual at a first-aid post. . . .

[*Continued overleaf.*

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

The Spanish prison Governor (GEORGE ZUCCO) *touched by the appeal of Augusta* (CLAUDETTE COLBERT) *on behalf of her "husband," Tom* (RAY MILLAND).

Augusta and Tom, newspaper correspondent and American aviator, of "Arise, My Love," embark on their idyll in the forest of Compiègne.

The ambitious Augusta finds that the aviator, Tom Martin, is most dangerously attractive. He likes her, too.

Augusta in a strongly emotional sequence. She is trying in vain to control herself as she speaks on the telephone.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT AND RAY MILLAND IN A WAR SETTING: "ARISE, MY LOVE."

Right: A study of the impulsive Augusta, who is determined to cover every angle of the war for her American paper.

"ARISE, MY LOVE," the new Paramount picture which was due at the Carlton Theatre, Haymarket, on February 17, is a thrilling story of a love-affair between an American fashion reporter, Augusta Nash, and a compatriot aviator who has been in the war in Spain; and is set against the historic world events of 1939-40. Augusta, hearing that Tom Martin is under sentence of death, succeeds in getting him reprieved by pretending to be his wife. The fraud is discovered, but the pair escape by air and embark on a series of thrilling adventures, interspersed with an idyllic love-affair. They are torpedoed in the "Athenia," escape and decide to work for the Allies.

Continued.]

At Tarnwater, the weather had cleared at last. No longer did one wake up to a monotonous howling wind and incessant rain slanting down. Doris reappeared, and Fred's ankle mended. The four went for walks, the two men together, their wives following. Doris confided in Elsie that she hoped for a baby. Afterwards it transpired that she was mistaken, and Elsie never forgot her face when she told her later that in a few months she herself expected to be a mother. "You were only married in June. You haven't wasted any time," Doris sneered.

Elsie made allowances for her. It must be hard on Doris to see her wheeling the perambulator about and to watch the succeeding stages of Jean's progress. The Lobworthys and the Massingberes had been neighbours for years now, and the whole suburb voted them friends. Elsie wished that the latter couple would move. She hinted more than once to John that she should like to, but his blank amazement drove her to conceal the real reason behind the suggestion. He liked Fred, and nothing would persuade him that she and Doris were not devoted to each other.

"Ten-to-ten. Time to be off," Fred announced.

"Oh, sorry! Here 's the coffee." Elsie plunged for her bag.

Fred drank the hot liquid, recommended it to Doris, turned off the light, and, opening the door of the shelter, prospected cautiously. Doris warned him peevishly to be careful. "That last bang sounded awfully near. Was it a gun or a bomb?"

"A gun," Elsie pronounced unhesitatingly.

"I don't know. It sounded like a bomb to me."

They looked at each other, nerves taut, tempers brittle, as they had been during those long-past days when rain imprisoned them in the Lakeland hotel. Fred said awkwardly: "Well, cheerio! Don't budge out of here, either of you, till the 'All Clear' goes."

"Do you think we 're fools?" Doris snapped.

She put on the light again directly the door had closed after Fred. Elsie resumed her knitting.

"Why don't you do a bit of work, Doris?" she asked.

"Can't settle to it. I 've got a book here, or perhaps I 'll try to get forty winks. Have you heard from Jean?"

"There was a letter yesterday. The baby 's put on another half-pound."

"Oh! That 's good."

Why did Doris ask after Jean? No third person was present to be impressed by neighbourly interest and solicitude. Elsie knew that Doris did not like Jean. Why? Her eyelids flickered uneasily. Neither she nor Doris had ever come out into the open and said what both knew. How much did Doris know? Was her knowledge genuine, or conjecture, based on spite and suspicion? Another stitch eluded Elsie. With an exclamation of irritation she rolled up the work and laid it aside.

"I can't see properly. Anyway, there 's no hurry. Mind if I go to sleep?"

"No. Most sensible thing to do."

"I don't believe there 's any danger. If I hadn't promised John, I 'd go back to the house."

"Please yourself." Doris's tone was indifferent, bored.

Elsie was on her feet, when a rending crash seemed to shake the universe. She clutched at the nearest object, the back of her chair. It rocked and swayed, as did the floor under her. The light went out, leaving the shelter in total darkness. Where was her bag? She had an electric torch in it. Outside, the thunder of falling masonry sounded horribly near. By some miracle she found the bag and from amongst the contents disinterred her torch. It shed its beam on the dislodged fittings of the shelter, Doris's ghastly face and parted lips, and the commonplace sanity of her own knitting. Mechanically she picked it up.

"Don't open the door!" screamed Doris.

"I can't," Elsie rejoined grimly.

Something—possibly part of the Massingberes' house—had fallen, wedging the door immovably. Elsie tugged and thrust uselessly at it. Grimly she realised that she and Doris were trapped in the shelter until aid arrived. Their only illumination was the electric torch, and just as she reached these disagreeable conclusions, the latter flickered out.

"What 's the matter?" Doris gasped.

"My torch has gone phut! I ought to have had it recharged yesterday." Elsie spoke bitterly.

"Can't we get out?"

"No. There 's something behind the door. It won't stir."

"How—how long must we be here?"

"I don't know. The first-aid people or somebody will dig us out some time, I suppose."

Doris spoke suddenly in a loud voice.

"We mayn't ever get out alive. This is as good a chance as any to say what I 've wanted to say for years."

"Sounds rather mysterious."

"It isn't mysterious. It 's as plain as print—to anyone who 's got eyes in their head. *I know that Jean isn't John's child.*"

"How dare you say such a thing!"

"It 's quite true. That time at Tarnwater. . . . Oh, you thought I was blind or too stupid to see what went on!"

"You must be quite crazy. What are you hinting at?"

"You and Fred. . . . Oh, it was abominable! And on your honeymoon, too. You were always like that, though. You had to grab anything someone else had, whether you wanted it or not."

Her voice, shrill, metallic, ground on and on.

"When we were quite small I had a new frock—pink. You never rested till you got a blue one, prettier than mine. At school you cheated to win prizes that you didn't want me to get. After we grew up it was just the same. You stole my partners at tennis and dances, and if you thought a man was looking at me you carried him off from under my nose. You 'd have taken Fred, only you were away when I got engaged, and we 'd married before you came back."

"And you and he turned up at Tarnwater to spoil my honeymoon!"

"I didn't know you and John were there. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw you both. Then you seized your chance while I was in another room because of my horrible cold, and that night John had gone out and 'phoned that it was too stormy to get back, and he 'd stop at some farmhouse till the morning, you. . . . You can't deny it. There was a moon. I saw you sneaking down that little stair, licking your lips like a cat after stealing cream. You 'd stolen my husband. Oh, I always knew!"

"I never did. *Fred?* As if I 'd have looked at him! You 're crazy."

"Jean isn't a scrap like John or you. You know that 's true."

"Very often children don't take after either parent. I 'm willing to make allowances, Doris, because you 're obviously out of your mind with funk, but I won't be insulted like this. Shut up!"

Doris screamed at her. Elsie lost her temper and answered back. In the midst of the quarrel, each hurling things at her erstwhile friend which she had longed to say for years, voices shouted outside.

"Hullo! Hullo! You two all right? We 'll have the door open in a jiffy. Buck up!"

The obstacles were dug away and the door dragged back. Elsie stumbled out. In the dim garden she saw the skeletons which had been the Massingberes' house and their own, a party of first-aid workers, Fred and John. The latter shoved forward a big, grinning, bucolic-looking man.

"Remember Tarnwater, Elsie? This chap says he 's the son of the people who had the hotel the time we spent our honeymoon there. Can't say I remember him. Must have been a mere kid. Where 's Doris? All right?"

"She 's rather hysterical. No wonder. Lucky neither of us was hurt. How do you do? I suppose you 're working in London? I 'm afraid we haven't a house to ask you to, have we, John?"

She smiled with stiff lips. No, she 'd never have known him. Only his eyes, dark, bistred, inscrutable, in that fat, foolish face, were Jean's eyes.

THE END.

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PIONEER-GIRL JEAN ARTHUR IN "ARIZONA."

JEAN ARTHUR as *Phœbe Titus, decorative "tough-girl" heroine of* "ARIZONA."

WARREN WILLIAM *as Jefferson Carteret, double-crossing villain who nearly ruins Phœbe.*

JEAN ARTHUR *as Phœbe, with her devoted lover, Peter Muncie* (WILLIAM HOLDEN).

Love at first sight: Peter meets Phœbe, who is selling pies with a view to raising enough capital to be a ranch-owner one day.

Arizona's first all-white wedding. Peter Muncie and his bride, Phœbe Titus.

EXCITING pages of American history are presented in "ARIZONA," the new Columbia picture directed by Wesley Ruggles, which was due at the Regal on Monday last, February 17. The scene is set in lawless Tucson in 1860, and we are introduced to gallant Phœbe Titus, who can hold a thief up with her gun, bake a fruit pie, run a freighting business, and charm a man. This high-hearted pioneer girl is played by Jean Arthur, and the story is full of thrills, and tells how she is nearly ruined by the wicked Carteret and Ward, but is finally saved by her devoted lover, Peter Muncie. Civil war scenes, Apache raids, and other exciting affairs are introduced, and the picture ends with the defeat of villainy and the wedding of Peter and Phœbe.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"NOW that we can see our way a little more clearly——"

"Can we?" The Engineer doubted.

"Of course," declared The Jobber. "Black-out time gets shorter and shorter every day. That 's what you mean, isn't it, Brokie?"

"Now that we can see our way a little more clearly in the Stock Exchange markets," The Broker calmly continued, "we are entitled to assume that business will wake up."

"If your assumption comes off, that will be a very good thing all round," The City Editor commented. "I have always told you that people are a good deal influenced by what your markets are doing."

"Influenced? How do you mean? It used to be so before the war, but everything is now very different."

"I know that," The City Editor replied, "but——"

"For one thing, people cannot spend their money on things they 'd like to have, for the simple reason that the stuff is not available."

"And, you mustn't forget, there isn't much money about."

"I know a boy of eighteen who was paid eight-pounds-ten in one week last year for what he called camouflaging. A working-class lad: quite a good chap. But eight-pounds-ten sounds a lot for a seventeen-year-old, doesn't it? It comes out of the eleven million pounds a day, I suppose."

"The Government are paying the same kind of rates as they did in the last war."

"Not so bad as that," The Merchant protested, "but it 's true enough that certain classes and certain people are getting big money. Perhaps not in London, but in the Provinces."

"And what I say," The City Editor maintained, "is that the people making money are affected, in their spending of it, by the tendency of your Stock Exchange markets."

"That sounds to me rather fantastic," The Broker remarked. "The munition-maker who takes home, say, ten quid a week isn't going to buy a new suit if he reads—as he probably doesn't—that the Consol Market is strong, and that War Loan is an eighth up on the day."

"You take it too literally," The City Editor declared. "My argument is that if the Stock Exchange markets are good, with prices rising, the effect upon the community is to encourage a greater degree of cheerfulness, and induce a more expansive frame of mind."

"I agree with you that we all like to see the prices of our stocks going up, but people can't make money at a time when there 's no speculation."

"They 're making it in other ways, and spending——"

"But there 's nothing to spend it on."

"You 're sure of that? Look at the advertisements; they may cause you to change your mind."

"The advertisements have shrunk a good deal, you know."

"And that," interpolated The Merchant, "is a mistake. We see it in my own business, and you can bet your boots that other businesses are much more affected."

"You 're hopeless!" The City Editor insisted. "It 's chucking money away——"

"It 's keeping your goods in the shop window; whether or not you 've got any goods to keep in it. If you understand what I mean."

"After all, good management means a great deal," said The Broker. "Why all this talk about advertisements? We are not interested——"

"Who 's being fantastic now?" The City Editor triumphantly demanded. "Why, everyone who holds stocks and shares is interested, directly or indirectly, in questions of publicity."

"Management, my boy; that 's the factor that counts."

"Nobody denies it. But good management won't sell a thing that people are not told about."

"Won't it, by Jove! How about the banks? How about the shipping companies? How about the railways?"

"You 've mentioned three of the largest believers in publicity that there are in the world. Now then! Even your conservative old Stock Exchange has discovered it cannot get along without it."

"Most chaps in the House think it would pay us to spend a good deal more than we do on our advertisements," The Jobber observed. "I guess we shall, too, sooner or later; it 's got to come."

"We might see my West Africans standing higher if they had a little notice drawn to them."

"I don't mean that sort of thing, you chump. Heaven save us from paid puffs like we used to see in——"

"Sh! Careless talk!" The City Editor cautioned. "And West Africans are not everybody's money, anyway."

"They 've got some of mine, and most of them are worth double to-day's prices."

"That 's what we all think about our shares," The Broker assured him. "Our geese are swans; our aircraft shares should soar instead of dive——"

"Our high-explosives are land-mines, and our incendiaries are delayed-action bombs. Haw-haw!"

"I wish I had Haw-Haw's salary," said The City Editor. "He must be paid a fat income to turn out all that tripe every night. I used to listen to it until it became too boring. What screw does he get, do you suppose?"

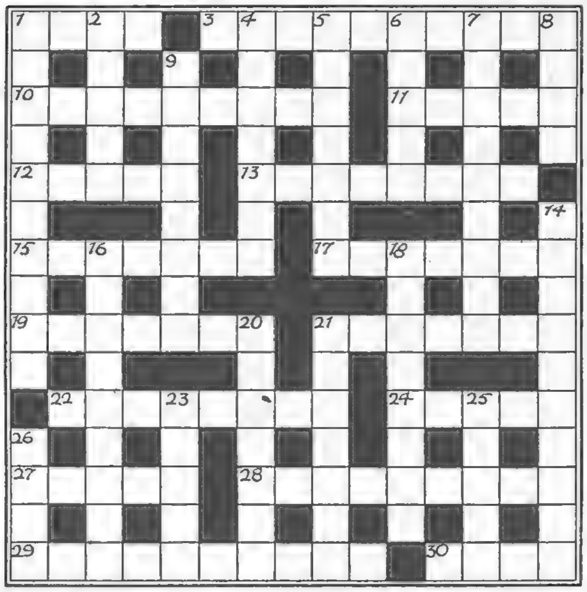
"'Screw' is a good word. 'Look here, young Haw-Haw,' says Goebbels, 'I 've told you what we want. You will get Army pay, if you 're lucky, and—well, perhaps an Iron Cross when—er—our tender-hearted master—you know. Now concentrate, me lad.'"

"And if he doesn't show sufficient concentration," laughed The Merchant, "they will send him to the camp where he will be taught it, eh?"

"Perhaps that is where he broadcasts from now a-nights," The Broker added. "Sounds to me, when I do happen to hear him, that the blighter 's anything but happy. I wonder!"

Friday, Feb. 14, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.



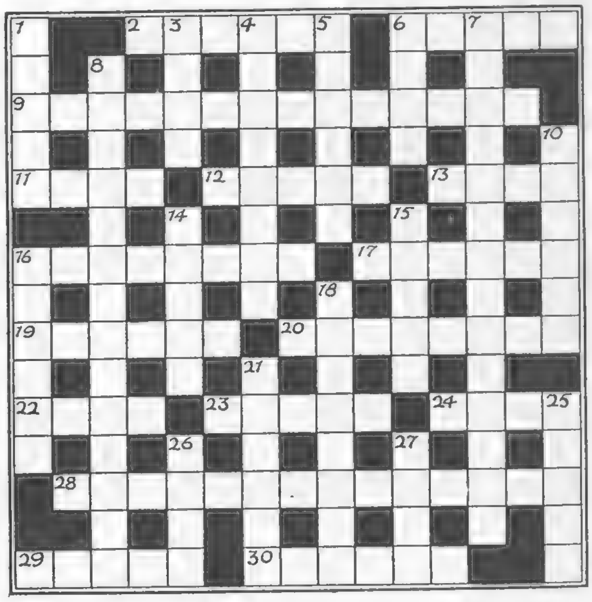
ACROSS.

1. A professional serenader who is first-class internally (4).
3. I 'll wager Jack Warner never bought one of these from Joan Winters (10).
10. Brings about opportunities (9).
11. Belonging as placed (5).
12. Just the natural feature in which to have a real meal (5).
13. Two words of polite acknowledgement (5, 3).
15. Leave out Edward? Never! He goes in last (7).
17. Came before the fall—of the Roman Empire—according to Gibbon (7).
19. Occurs on every day or on no day (hyphen 7).
21. An A.S.C. suit could be made to fit him if his conscience permitted (7).
22. *e.g.*, English (8).
24. Conscious—of an Irish mourning (5).
27. This should be intelligible to anyone (5).
28. A short month begins a little love-story (9).
29. "Send supers" as supports (10).
30. Child who, in short, may become a baronet (4).

DOWN.

1. Doing wrong in a word (hyphen 10).
2. Hidden in "Tom's pal acknowledged that he looked in curiously" (5).
4. "Set door" as the poultry did (7).
5. Frenchman who sounds to be out of breath (7).
6. Hidden in 2 (5).
7. Continental strong man. Sounds muscular enough (9).
8. Position (4).
9. A "treed ass" made his presence felt (8).
14. Take a seat at the head of the colony (10).
16. Worshippers who may shed "Lido tears" (9).
18. You can do this one in an off-handed way (8).
20. Longed (7).
21. A clever butcher's implement (7).
23. It gores if handled carelessly (5).
25. Where the single man makes the great sacrifice (5).
26. And here 's the end of my artifices (4).

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.



ACROSS.

2. Polish saying for the present state of affairs (6).
6. See 22.
9. War-babies? (three words; 8, 2, 4).
11. Aller for the Japanese sailor (5).
12 and 29. Insipid Chinese request for an ablution? (5 hyphen 5).
13. I 'm the proprietor of an island (4).
16. But responsible for only a part of the confectioner's takings (8).
17. The musical instrument may be in step (6).
19. Fish out of the (German) water! (6).
20. Which bird suggests that another bird has drunk the ginger-beer? (8).
22 and 6 across. Not the cocks of the insect world (4 hyphen 5).
23. A body of type on my account (5).
24. See 14.
28. Short commons, of course, would have been out of place in this (two words; 4, 10).
29. See 12.
30. She 's a writer, they allege (6).

DOWN.

1. Pussy comes up with it (5).
3. The almost dexterous boy (4).
4. Mice pens, for example (8).
5. Milton wrote of "Atlantean shoulders fit to bear the ——— of mightiest monarchies" (6).
6. I have left the intelligence department (4).
7. The latter asked the former not to swear by the inconstant moon (three words; 5, 3, 6).
8. Turnip trouble for human extremities (three words; 7, 3, 4).
10. Attempt at frying? (6).
14 and 24. A boisterous drama of the turf, perhaps (5 hyphen 4).
15. Country (5).
16. Lowest form of wipers (6).
18. To make a friend in ceremonious fashion (8).
21. A bog with an artist in the middle is still a bog (6).
25. Gates of Scotland (5).
26. One antonym of 27 (4).
27. Just moderate (4).

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

LADY HAMILTON'S TRAFALGAR DAY SITTING—BY DOROTHY DICKSON.

DOROTHY DICKSON *appears as Nelson's Emma, the lovely Lady Hamilton, in a new sketch just introduced into the second edition of the successful show,* "*Diversion,*" *at Wyndham's. Emma is seen giving a sitting to a distinguished artist* (PETER USTINOV) *on October 21, 1805, a famous date in English history. She does not know that the Battle of Trafalgar is raging, but she feels a vague sense of uneasiness, and speaks to the painter of her love for Lord Nelson.*

WOMEN IN WARTIME

AT YOUR SERVICE

WAR WORK
IN AND OUT OF UNIFORM

THE first spring sunshine often throws a far from flattering light on one's face, so a becoming hat is more welcome than ever. This year's models are simple and practical, classics that can be worn equally well in town or in the country. Henry Heath, 172, New Bond Street, have established their reputation for this type of hat. Their model above is in unspottable fur felt, ready for spring showers, and is made in practically any shade. A feather mount can be tucked into the grosgrain band to match your suit.

THE women's "Senior Service," the W.R.N.S., has a fine tradition of smartness as well as efficiency. The finer points of the officers' uniform are thoroughly appreciated by Burberry's, in the Haymarket, whose model is shown on the right. Official requirements are, of course, carefully observed, but these are combined with a high standard of individual tailoring. This firm has all the right accessories, too, to complete the outfit. They also make uniforms for the W.A.A.F. and A.T.S. with the same correct but flattering cut.

FORTUNATELY for those people who never feel warm except in a fur coat, the vast resources of the Empire provide an amazing variety of skins. India sends broadtail and several types of lamb, Australia opossum and wallaby. Canada has the mink that remains the classic of furs, and also fox skins and natural musquash. Among the more unusual furs are the beautiful snow leopard, from the Himalayas, and civet cat from South Africa. Nearer home, hair seals come from Northern Scotland, and soft, shaded moleskins from anywhere in England.

INEXPENSIVE READY-TO-WEAR

Classic Tailormade . . .

This suit is in a neat navy and white check, the semi-fitting coat has inset pockets, and the well-cut skirt has wide box pleats in the front panel. Also obtainable in other colourings.

8½ gns.

Debenham & Freebody

Langham 4444 WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCCLXXXVII.

THE MYSTERY OF NO-TRUMPS.

I MAY be wrong, but it often strikes me that experts, professionals and high authorities treat no-trump play in general with scant respect. They don't seem to approve play at no-trumps—indeed, one *very* high authority is reputed to have played I don't know how many thousand hands, and not one of them at no-trumps! Perhaps they are right, but a pity for all that, when you come to think that no-trump play is still the most popular with what I call (and no offence meant) amateur contract-players, who form the vast majority anyhow in this country. These good troopers are given little or no help in this, their favourite game, but they are tied up and held fast by the most rigid rules and regulations for suit bidding, while no-trumps are used simply as a means to an end in the bidding (the end, of course, being a slam bid in a *suit*). No-trump as a bid is a most annoying affair; at one time it was the weakest of all opening bids, then it was transformed into one of the strongest openings—at present it is a strong bid (but to make sure, your partner will ask you: "Is your no-trump strong?"; and you had better say "Yes," which will mean that probably you will never dare bid one no-trump in case it is not strong enough.) For all that, an opening two no-trump bid is not forcing—at least, it used not to be in the Strong Two System—but a two no-trump response (to a suit bid) *is* forcing to game, and a one no-trump response—once the gloomiest response—is now based on so many points non-vulnerable, and, of course, so many extra points when vulnerable (because, as you know, when your side has won a game, all card probabilities, possibilities and chances turn against you, just to show you that contract bridge does what nothing else has ever done—defeats mathematics).

At the moment, I believe that a response of two in a suit to one no-trump indicates absolute weakness. I fail to see why; in my opinion it is good to hear what your partner *has* got—it may be the very suit you want to know about, and this may lead to some spirited bidding; however, the experts, professionals, etc., think otherwise: they suggest partner, if he has anything to talk about, should jump the bidding—*i.e.*, North, one no-trump; South, three spades. This—again, just my personal opinion—is bad bidding, uninformative and senseless, to say nothing of giving the original bidder a tough, if not, indeed, a guessing proposition to follow on with. It must not be thought that I am cracking up no-trump bidding and play: dear me, no! At both auction and contract a good suit was always better than no-trumps; it still is. None the less, when this sort of thing can happen at a well-known club, it makes you think that a little more attention might be given to no-trump play in general. I, North, dealt the following hands—

SPADES—A, 3.
HEARTS—K, 9, 8.
CLUBS—A, 10, 2.
DIAMONDS—A, 9, 8, 7, 6.

West		East
SPADES—K, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4.	N	SPADES—Q, 2.
HEARTS—2.	W E	HEARTS—Q, Kn, 10, 4, 3.
CLUBS—Q, 7, 6.		CLUBS—8, 5, 4, 3.
DIAMONDS—Kn, 10, 2.	S	DIAMONDS—K 3.

SPADES—Kn, 10, 9.
HEARTS—A, 7, 6, 5.
CLUBS—K, Kn, 9.
DIAMONDS—Q, 5, 4.

I bid one diamond; South, two no-trumps; North, three no-trumps. After the two no-trump response, I had thoughts of trying out a slam, but—well, for private reasons, I thought it as well not to. Two rounds of spades were led, and it was North's lead. South came in with the ace of hearts, led the queen of diamonds, finessed (of course, there 's no finesse—this is a play that cannot win, and must lose) in dummy, East taking with the king. A heart was led; but it is unnecessary to continue. We finished up by losing five spades and two diamonds—three down. It 's worth noting that had the diamonds been correctly played—ace followed by a small one—contract would have been made. Lucky, of course. But why did South bid two no-trumps? Because, South told me, his hand was just too good for a one no-trump response and, further, he had a count of so many, which entirely justified a bid forcing to game.

SOLUTIONS OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLES, FEBRUARY 12.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—1. Southern Cross. 8. Enemies. 9. Anguish. 11. Team. 12. Breed. 13. Deal. 16. Unmixed. 17. Treadle. 18. Inquest. 21. Drafted. 23. Star. 24. Ailsa. 25. Luce. 28. Set-back. 29. Amasses. 30. Cricket-fields.

DOWN.—2. Overarm. 3. Trip. 4. Ensured. 5. Nearest. 6. Rage. 7. Stipend. 8. Enthusiasts. 10. Halberdiers. 14. Axles. 15. Medal. 19. Quarter. 20. Trickle. 21. Distaff. 22. Trussed. 26. Talc. 27. Maze.

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—1. Flying columns. 9. Hotbed. 10. Pleasure. 12. Date. 13. Heaps. 14. Them. 17. India. 18. Assoil. 21. Patter. 22. Olive. 24. Ouse. 25. Amend. 27. Fans. 30. Execrate. 31. Battle. 32. Counter attack.

DOWN.—2. Latitude. 3. Item. 4. Orlop. 5. Upas. 6. Nought. 7. The daily dozen. 8. German measles. 11. Levant. 15. Pagan. 16. Divot. 19. Spring. 20. Gigantic. 23. Oswego. 26. Metre. 28. Iran. 29. Mast.

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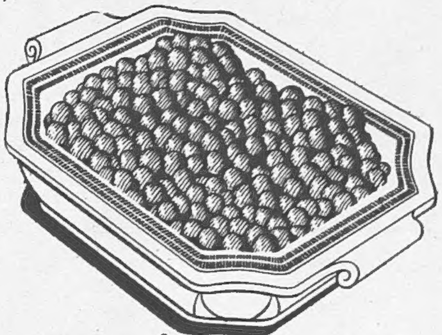

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Brussel Sprouts		1/3	
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Cucumber	1/6 (whole)		

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Strawberries		2/1
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Gooseberries		1/0½

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ENJOYABLE READING FOR DULL DAYS

"Genghis Khan, the Greatest of Rulers"

Written and Illustrated by
F. Matania, R.I.

Temujin, together with his brother, Kassar, had disappeared. A track in the snow was perceived and followed by the marauders, who were confident that they would soon effect the capture of their quarry, for only the possession of fresh horses would have enabled the boys to make good their escape.

For several days, however, the pursuers were baffled; but then hunger forced Temujin to make a desperate effort to break through the lines of the enemy. Failure of his effort resulted in his capture.

Brought before the chief, he was condemned to await his sentence imprisoned in a "kang," a kind of wooden yoke which encompassed his neck and shoulders and gripped his wrists.

When darkness fell Temujin was left in a tent with one guard, and the resourceful boy decided to chance his luck rather than wait to be slaughtered like a sheep. With a sudden turn of his body he struck the guard a heavy blow on the head with the very instrument in which he himself was imprisoned. He then made for the open country. It was not easy under such conditions, hampered by the weight of the "kang," to outdistance the pursuers who were on his heels. Finding himself surrounded, he plunged into the icy water of a river. Despite the impossibility of keeping his head below water, he succeeded in escaping notice by all save one . . .

"The Quest of the Golden Fleece"
By W. E. Johns

She sighed. "I could be very, very happy—with you."

"In what part of Normandy do you live?" he inquired.

She hesitated for a moment, her eyes on his face. "Le Chateau Tourette—you know it perhaps?"

"Rather. It's quite a landmark."

"It belongs to my father."

"Really?"

"Yes, poor old man. I wonder what he's thinking now."

"I wonder," murmured Cedric.

She sighed. "If only I could see him again."

"Not much chance of that just yet, I'm afraid."

"You couldn't think of any way I could get a message to him?"

Cedric thought for a little while. "No, darling, I'm afraid I couldn't."

"I have thought about it so much. I am always thinking of it. I think there is a way, only one way—if I could get a friend to do it for me."

"Do what?"

"No—no. It isn't worth talking about. No one would do it. It's too risky." She nestled a little closer.

Cedric stroked his chin. "What was your idea, mignon?" . . .

Some men risk their life for love but Cedric risked his life to revenge the death of his friend

"Bride of a Lancer"
By Cecilie Leslie

The door opened abruptly, and her father stood before them, his oilskins slung limply over his shoulder, and there were smears of grease on his bald head.

"Where's your mother, Mary?" he asked, and seeing the girls, gave them an apologetic smile.

"She's in her room," said Mary casually. She looked more closely at him. "Why . . . *Father!*"

Mary ran to him, stumbling over the train of her wedding dress. Her hand touched his arm, and she drew it away feeling moisture on her palms. She looked at it bewildered: her hands were spattered with blood.

"It's nothing, nothing at all," he replied, smiling. "We had a go at them at last, the dagont varmints. . . ."

Mary was willing to sacrifice that most dear to a woman—her life's happiness so that she could share the dangers of her country

Also in the FEBRUARY issue:

"FIXED POST," by Arthur Mills.
"A SPOT OF LATIN," by A. M. Burrage.
"THE THINGS WE LIVE FOR," by Negley Farson.
"WAR'S SPOTLIGHT ON THESE WOMEN," by Ferdinand Tuohy.
"UNRECORDED HISTORY," by Gordon Beckles
"SHIP MODELS," by Frank C. Bowen.
"A DREAM OF MARS," by C. Patrick Thompson.
BOOKS, reviewed by Noel Thompson.
"FASHIONS," by Jean Burnup.
"CASSEROLE COOKERY," by Harriet Muir.
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